

Memorial *and* Peace Day



ILLINOIS - 1926

Memorial *and* Peace Day

May Thirtieth

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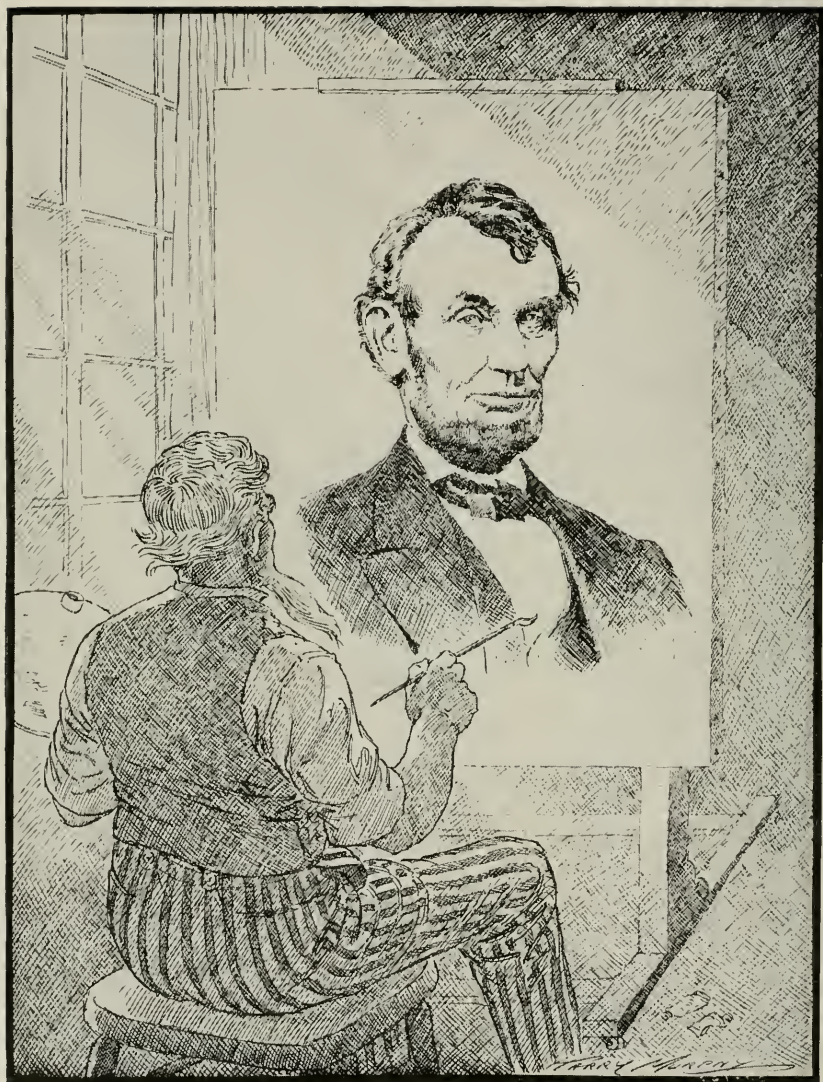
CIRCULAR NO. 207



ISSUED BY

FRANCIS G. BLAIR

Superintendent of Public Instruction



SUPERINTENDENT'S LETTER.

To Teachers:

On the opposite page Uncle Sam appears as an artist painting the portrait of Abraham Lincoln. If we let Uncle Sam represent the 500,000 teachers of America, the figure takes on definite and manifold meanings.

The canvas becomes the minds, the memories, the imaginations, the emotions of 25,000,000 of school children stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean and from the Canadian to the Mexican border. Under the artistry of the teacher-painter, the sketch begins to take form. Here at the base of the easel where cherub-faced children crowd about she is touching in the child of the log cabin, the boy of the frontier, the gaunt, hungry, growing body and the eager growing mind of this child of the wilderness. Here, where the taller grown children may see, the picture begins to assume the strength and proportions of rugged, stalwart, growing manhood, ennobled by simple straight forward candor and honesty—the privations and trials of New Salem with its spring time glow of Ann Rutledge.

Now the task becomes more difficult. What artist can divine the surging tides of an elemental soul as it mounts from the "lowly earth to the vaulted skies"? Who, on canvas of living textures and with brush and pigments of inspiration, can set metes and bounds to the expanding mind of Lincoln? Around and before her that vast throng of young forward looking Americans, high school students, vibrant with emotional fervor and pulsing and throbbing with idealism and hero worship, inspires her hand to stronger, bolder strokes. The masterful challenge to debate with the world as his audience. A god-like simplicity of logic and power. The mounting tides of appreciation and approval. Conventions and elections. The call of a troubled nation to assume a great duty and face a grave responsibility. The crash and shock of civil war. Out of impending havoc and ruin the triumph of moral force and national union. Out of slavery, emancipation. Out of bitterness and blood a national rebirth in the spirit of "malice towards none and charity for all." Out of it all the far reaching, unifying force of Abraham Lincoln as he takes shape and form in the thought and life of the youth of the nation under the touch of the teacher's hand.



Superintendent.

MESSAGE OF THE FLAG.

[FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE.]

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag: "The work that we do is the making of the flag. I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."



John B. Inman, Commander-in-Chief, Grand Army of the Republic.

Comrade Inman served as a drummer boy in Co. E, 1st Minnesota Heavy Artillery, during the last year of the war and was not seventeen when mustered out with his regiment.

He was born in Medina County, Ohio, in 1848.

When war with Spain was declared, he was Chief Signal Officer of the Illinois National Guard. He Federalized the Signal Corps and as Captain, commanded it in the Porto Rican expedition.

He is a retired official of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at present is Custodian of Memorial Hall, State of Illinois, to which position he was appointed May 1, 1917 and was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at Grand Rapids, Michigan, September 3, 1925.

He is a Past Commander of Stephenson Post No. 30, Department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, Springfield, and was Commander of the Department of Illinois in 1899-1900.



—Military Training Camps Ass'n of the U. S. A.
Long May It Wave.



—International News Reel.
The Making of Americans.

A PICTURE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[F. G. BLAIR.]

In the story of "The Great Stone Face", we are told that a boy by the name of Ernest, born at the foot of the mountain, looked at the great stone face on its side day after day and week after week as he grew from childhood to young manhood and then to old age. At last it was said of him that the face of Ernest was like the face in the mountain. Abraham Lincoln's picture hangs upon the walls of practically every school room. On the opposite page we see two children of foreign born parents looking up at his picture. Who can doubt that as they look at the picture and hear the story of his life that they too will be molded into somewhat of a resemblance to this great American? Certainly in the spiritual, emotional sense they will come to take on something of his attributes, something of his broad, generous spirit, something of his earnest candor, something of his straightforward dealing with his fellows. Surely, children reared in the presence of that calm, serious face can not forget the great lessons that his life and work teach. Perhaps no other one force in American school life is so potent in arousing and fixing in the hearts and minds of our youth those elemental attitudes and dispositions which we call American. The teachers in American schools should see that the pictures of our great men are before the children, and that they thus have opportunity to hold communion with them, that they may be stimulated and inspired daily to emulate something of the great characteristics of these great men.



The Aviator.

THE AVIATOR.

[GERTRUDE RAMSEY.]

Dedicated to Louis Bennett Jr. in whose memory the statue "Ready to Serve" was unveiled November 11th, 1925 in honor of all Americans who fell in the World War.

Oh brave, undaunted master of the air!
Great was thy strength and wonderful thy power;
All boundless were the confines of thy flight,
And admirable the ventures of thy soul.

With face uplifted, looking unto God
To guide thy journey thru the azure blue,
Thy courage marked the spirit of the tried
Who placed their trust in his Almighty care.

When duty thus became fulfilled desire,
Heroic were thy deeds, living for aye,
Inspiring were the motives of thy heart
And sacred all the memories of the years.

What loyalty, to meet the human need!
What agony, to serve those long oppressed!
Extinguished now, thy hosts have reached their goal,
And naught is left save glorious honor trails.

Blest memory, shaped by hands in bronze and stone,
Teach us to wear the armor of our God
With righteous breastplate, shield, and buckler on,
For His own glory and the world's release.

May we who fear Jehovah, He, the Just,
The farther flee from hate and sin, and strife,
Until we Him behold on that fair morn,
And yield to Him our own immortal souls.

A PATRIOTIC WISH.

[EDGAR ALBERT GUEST.]

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag could boast about;
 I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live without;
 I'd like to be the type of man
 That really is American:
 The head-erect and shoulders-square,
 Clean-minded fellow, just and fair,
 That all men picture when they see
 The glorious banner of the free.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag now typifies,
 The kind of man we really want the flag to symbolize;
 The loyal brother to a trust,
 The big, unselfish soul and just,
 The friend of every man oppressed,
 The strong support of all that's best
 The sturdy chap the banner's meant,
 Where'er it flies, to represent.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag's supposed to mean,
 The man that all in fancy see wherever it is seen,
 The chap that's ready for a fight
 Whenever there's a wrong to right,
 The friend in every time of need,
 The doer of the daring deed,
 The clean and generous handed man
 That is a real American.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Eleven O'Clock! Attention! Face to the East!

Face to the East! it seems a grim jest.
 For this is to honor the lads who "went west."
Face to the East! stop the traffic and noise.
 The moment is sacred, it belongs to the boys.
Face to the East! banker, farmer and clerk.
 Every rank, all conditions, stop both play and work.
Face to the East! this moment's for them,
 Our gay laughing boys who died, aye, like men.
Face to the East! and murmur a prayer,
 For the lads who forever have gone "Over There."
Face to the East! while Mem'ry enwraps
 Her dear arms around us. Now, Bugler! sound Taps.

From "Chicago Daily Tribune."



Photo—Pacific and Atlantic.

Memorial to Hero Flyer, H. A. Baker.

HER GREAT SACRIFICE.

[GERTRUDE RAMSEY.]

Alone on the threshold, a mother in gray;
 A figure in khaki is marching away;
 Back of her eyes, are the tears, yet unshed;
 Back of firm lips, are the words, yet unsaid;
 Down in her heart, are the fond hopes, now dead;—
 He has answered the call of his country.

How fleet passing years, since her towheaded boy,
 She held in her arms, with such love, pride and joy;
 Now in young manhood, he hears duty's call;
 Now in the strength of youth, justice rules all;
 Fired with true purpose—she would not recall
 Him who goes for the love of his country.

Her vision, at last, can discern him no more;
 She turns, with an anguish of soul, from her door.
 Hers are the heartaches, but mothers can know;
 Hers are the tears, that must needs overflow;
 Hers are the prayers, that to Heaven must go
 For her lad, who has gone for his country.



Photo—Pacific and Atlantic.
Mrs. Dyer, 90 Years Old.
(See poems on opposite page.)

WISCONSIN.

The following lines were written by Mrs. Dyer, who is past 90 years of age, a shut-in, and much-beloved member of Hudson Relief Corps:

Some Things Lincoln Never Saw or Heard.

He never saw a submarine,
Aeroplane, or limousine,
A motor truck or traction plow,
Or patent milker for the cow.
While we see thousands every night,
He saw not one electric light,
Typewriter or telephone,
Victrola or a megaphone,
An auto car or a mason jar,
Electric fan or fountain pen,
Piano player or X-rayer,
An incubator or separator,
An elevator or percolator.
He never heard the sound
Of a railroad running underground.
He did not know that S O S
Was a wireless signal of distress.
He never saw a movie show,
Nor listened in on radio.
He did not—sitting by his fire—
Hear a San Francisco choir.
A hundred things, both great and small,
Never came his way at all.

I give it up; make out your list
And name the things that I have missed.

Things He Did See and Hear.

He saw a land of factions torn
With a load too heavy to be borne.
He saw the war cloud's frightful form,
He heard the muttering of the storm.
He knew no power on earth could save
A land half free and one-half slave.
For years, thru war and bloody strife,
He strove to save the Nation's life.
Dissolved the Union must not be,
But firmer stand with men all free.
His hope and courage sorely tried,
But the Nation lived and slavery died.
What awful cost, what price was paid,
What bitter sacrifice was made.

Ask of these men with footsteps slow,
 Whose heads are white as Winter Snow.
 Well may we keep with pride and mirth
 The day that saw brave Lincoln's birth.
 Lincoln! the name we all revere;
 Lincoln! the name we hold so dear;
 Grand champion of Liberty,
 The great man of his century.

A PATRIOTIC CREED.

[EDGAR ALBERT GUEST.]

To serve my country day by day
 At any humble post I may;
 To honor and respect her flag,
 To live the traits of which I brag;
 To be American in deed
 As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
 To till my little patch of soil,
 And keep in mind the debt I owe
 To them who died that I might know
 My country, prosperous and free,
 And passed this heritage to me.

I always must in trouble's hour
 Be guided by the men in power;
 For God and country I must live,
 My best for God and country give;
 No act of mine that men may scan
 Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,
 American in mind and heart;
 To serve the flag and bravely stand
 To guard the glory of my land;
 To be American in deed:
 God grant me strength to keep this creed!



—Military Training Camps Ass'n U. S. A.
Following "Old Glory."

REQUEST.

[GERTRUDE RAMSEY.]

Oh, myriad stars, in God's own heaven!
Lend now thy silvery light,
To guard the tombs of those, thy dead,
Who lie in France tonight.

Blow, gentle breeze, may thy caress,
Perfume the hallowed place.
That holds the memories of those years
All time cannot efface.

Beam, silvery moon, lest you forget
As sentinel, to keep
God's lantern for those weary lads,
To watch their last long sleep.

Dear Mother Earth, Oh, make thy bed
So soft wherein they lie,
And tenderly embrace the forms,
Whose spirits did not die.

God's stars, God's breeze, God's moon,
God's earth,
Their guardians be for aye,
O'er mortal dust,—immortal souls
With God abide alway.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

[ABRAHAM LINCOLN.]

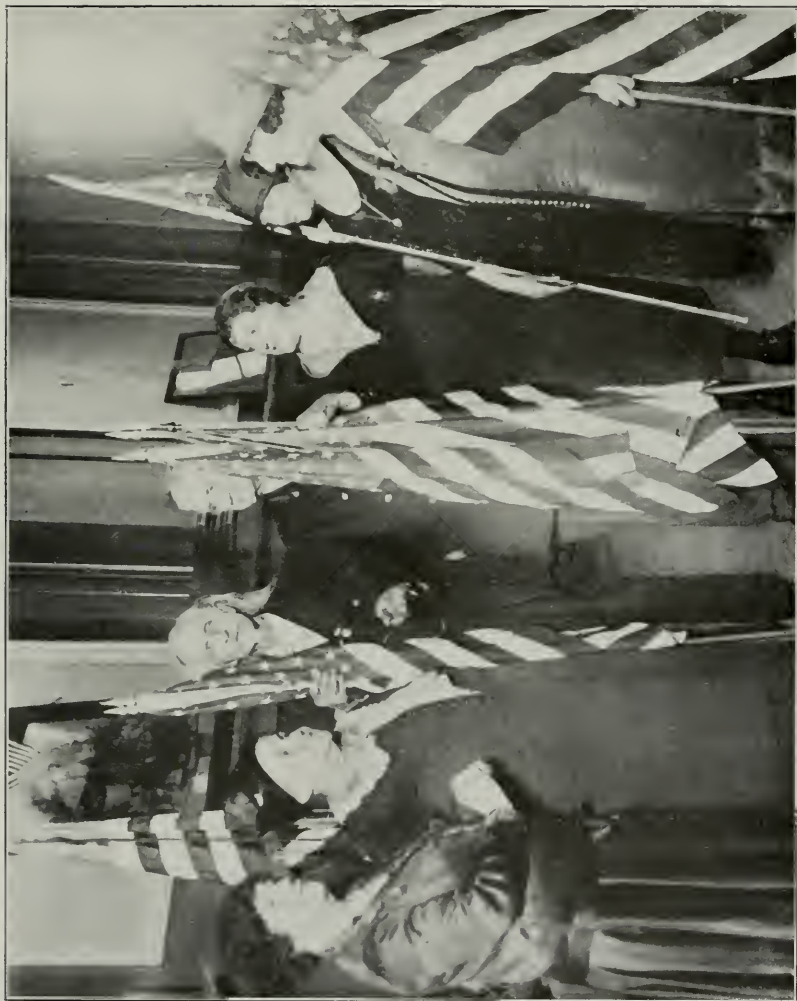
Fellow-Countrymen—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city, seeking to destroy it with war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease, even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued



The Builders and Lovers of a Nation.
Photo—Pacific and Atlantic.

through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He Gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern there any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so, still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

SELL ME A DREAM.

[LUN DEE.]

Ah, Maker of Dreams,
 Could you weave me a dream
 Of a home-coming soldier boy
 With the old sweet smile
 On his nut-brown face,
 And his eyes telling tales in their joy?

Could you send him back
 In his battered old plane,
 With a whirl and a whiz through the air,
 To a dear little cottage
 In a wee western town,
 And have me waiting there?

Could you blot out the long,
 Lonely years that have gone,
 Since he fell and the best of me died—
 What is it you're saying,
 Oh, Maker of Dreams?—
 "Ah, no, I cannot, I have tried."

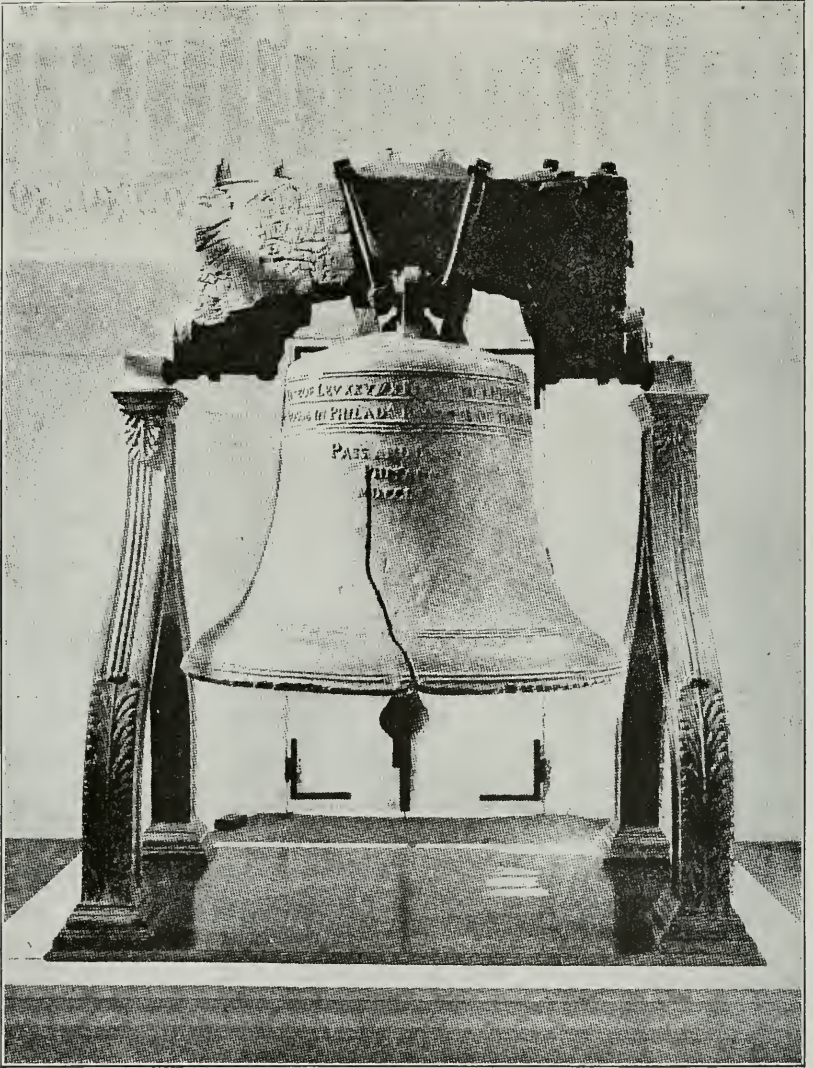
"Chicago Daily Tribune."



Veterans in the Cause of Education.

Superintendents of Schools of Hamilton County, Illinois.

Sitting, from left to right: Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, 1906; L. Howard, County Superintendent, 1882-1886; J. H. Lane, County Superintendent, 1886-1894. Standing, from left to right: D. J. Underwood, County Superintendent, 1894-1902; S. O. Dale, County Superintendent, 1919-1923; T. W. Biggerstaff, County Superintendent, 1902-1910; W. W. Daily, County Superintendent, 1910-1919.



THE LIBERTY BELL.

The dimensions of the Liberty Bell are twelve feet in circumference around the lip, seven feet six inches around the crown and two feet three inches over the crown.

It is three inches thick in the thickest part near the lip and one and one-quarter inches thick in the thinnest part toward the crown.

The length of the clapper is three feet two inches and the weight of the whole two thousand and eighty pounds. The Bell cost £60, 14s, 5 d.

The edges of the crack are serrated, revealing the marks of a drill. In 1846 it was suggested that the Bell should be rung to celebrate Washington's birthday, and the crack was drilled out to separate the parted sides with the hope that the sound of the Bell would be restored. The experiment proved unsuccessful.



Under the Flag.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG TRIBUTE.

[PEARL SWANSON, Alexis, Illinois.]

Our flag has been the emblem that has beckoned to the oppressed of other lands.

Its folds are unsullied by defeat or blemish of any kind.

It has brought victory when defeat to the soldiers seemed inevitable.

The cost of our flag is not the price of the silk nor the artistic touch but the price of the lives given for an ideal.

Our flag stands for humanity and an equal opportunity for all. It represents a glorious future to generations yet to come.

"Long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

We put our trust in one God, the Almighty, one country, America, and one flag, the emblem of true liberty and democracy.



Photo—Pacific and Atlantic.
Judge Kavanagh and the Spanish War Veterans.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE BELL.

[Old-time Song by G. F. MEESER.]

The old state house bell, time-honored bell,
 Thy silvery tones were first to tell
 In thunder peals a nation free;
 The magic sound made hearts rebound,
 As passed the joyful tidings round—
 Columbia strikes for liberty!
 Then strike, strike for liberty.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! hurrah! boys, no land enjoys
 That which makes our bosom swell,
 Then hurrah! boys, hurrah! in peace or war,
 We will fondly cherish that old bell.

The old state house bell! time-hallowed bell,
 Thy voice proclaimed the funeral knell
 Of Britain's vain and boasted power;
 Thy sound that broke the vassal yoke
 And cheered their hearts at every stroke
 Came echoing from thy sacred tower,
 Came from thy own sacred tower.

The old state house bell, aye, freedom's bell,
 Nor time nor distance can dispel
 Thy hallowed sound, where'er we roam
 In echoes still like music will
 Pervade our free hearts with a thrill
 And turn again our thoughts to home,
 And turn again our thoughts to home.

OUR DUTY TO OUR FLAG.

[EDGAR ALBERT GUEST.]

Less hate and greed
 Is what we need
 And more of service true;
 More men to love
 The flag above
 And keep it first in view.

Less boast and brag
 About the flag,
 More faith in what it means;
 More heads erect,
 More self-respect,
 Less talk of war machines.

The time to fight
 To keep it bright
 Is not along the way,
 Nor 'cross the foam,
 But here at home
 Within ourselves—to-day.

'Tis we must love
 That flag above
 With all our might and main;
 For from our hands,
 Not distant lands,
 Shall come dishonor's stain.

If that flag be
 Dishonored, we
 Have done it, not the foe;
 If it shall fall
 We first of all
 Shall be to strike a blow.

OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

[DEXTER SMITH.]

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
 Floats that banner bright and holy,
 In the rays of Freedom's sun!
 In the Nation's heart embedded,
 O'er the Union firmly wedded,
 One in all and all in one.

Let that banner wave forever,
 May its lustrous stars fade never,
 'Til the stars shall fade on high;
 While there's right and wrong defeating,
 While there's hope in true hearts beating,
 Truth and freedom shall not die.

As it floated long before us,
 Be it ever floating o'er us,
 O'er our land from shore to shore;
 There are freemen yet to wave it,
 Millions who would die to save it,
 Wave it, save it, evermore.



The Hope and Pride of Our Commonwealth.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL ESSAY CONTEST.

November 1925-1926.

SUBJECT: *"The Patriots Flag Creed."*

The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion desires to secure a "Patriot's Flag Creed," not more than one hundred and twenty-five words in length, which will foster greater respect for the flag of the United States. This Flag Creed should be stated in concise, impressive phrases and in a style of sufficient vigor and literary merit to warrant its memorization and use in schools, in citizen assemblies and on all patriotic occasions.

The elements of the Flag Creed may be combined in whatever form appeals to the author. It must display originality; it must be inspirational.

RULES.

1. No person may compete who is less than twelve, or more than nineteen years of age.

2. No person may submit more than one manuscript.

3. The Flag Creed must not exceed 125 words.

* * * *

8. IMPORTANT. At the bottom of the page on which your flag creed is written, subscribe the following pledge:

"I hereby pledge on my word of honor that this flag creed is of my own composition."

PRIZES.

National Prizes:

First Prize	\$750
Second Prize	\$500
Third Prize	\$250

These cash prizes shall be used only for scholarships in colleges or universities to be designated by the winners.

State Prizes:

First Prize, Silver Medal.

Second Prize, Bronze Medal.

Third Prize, Certificate of Merit issued by the National Headquarters of The American Legion.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[RENA C. HAWLEY, Geneseo, Illinois.]

I pledge allegiance to my flag—the flag of the American people. May we, the citizens of this great country, which other nations view with wonder and respect, ever strive to mold our individual characters so that the character of our nation as a whole, may be the highest possible. May the very best in the lives of our gallant forefathers be ever before us as an example of what we today must do to maintain the high position of these United States among the other nations of the world, so that for ages to come, all that is valiant, true, and just, will be embodied in our symbol, the red, white, and blue.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[LILIAN SENFT, Berwyn, Illinois.]

I believe in the American flag as the symbol of democracy whose stars and stripes represent for all mankind the spirit of Liberty and the glorious ideals of human freedom.

A flag under whose protection equal opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is recognized; a flag symbolizing national independence and popular sovereignty established upon those principles of loyalty, justice and truth for which American patriots sacrificed their lives that this great country, our America, should live.

I, therefore, believe it my duty to my flag to love and honor and respect it; defend it against all enemies and to see that at all times it is properly displayed.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[PEARL SWANSON, Alexis, Illinois.]

To thee, O emblem of liberty, we pledge our allegiance.

To thy broad red stripes we pledge our physical strength, our intelligence and the red blood of our hearts.

To thy broad white stripes and gleaming stars we pledge our manhood, courage and purity of conscience.

To thy blue field our loyalty is never ending.

We put our trust in one God, the Almighty. One country, America, and one flag, the emblem of true liberty and democracy.



Saluting the Flag.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[RAYMOND SANDERS, Bement, Illinois.]

Through the hardships of strife
 And in peril of life,
 My forefathers had but one cause.
 At pure Freedom they aimed,
 A new country they named,
 In mem'ry of them I will pause.

O'er the unbounded main,
 Let them speak not in vain,
 Of My Country, Land of the Free.
 If ought must be said
 About those honored dead,
 Let them speak directly to me.

To the Red, White and Blue
 I will ever be true
 And always respond to her call.
 I will bear her aloft,
 Be the cause won or lost;
 Prevent God, She ever may fall.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[BERNICE RICE, Sterling, Illinois.]

I believe that our national flag, the emblem of our glorious country, is a symbol of nation-wide righteousness and supremacy; that it typifies to all men the highest ideals of liberty and freedom; that it symbolizes all the ties that should bind fellow-country-men; that it is the precious standard for which many of our valiant forefathers made the supreme sacrifice.

Therefore I believe it is my duty to honor, love, respect, uphold, and defend Old Glory which so eloquently signifies valor, purity, loyalty, truth, and justice.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[SIDNEY MORRIS RAGSDALE, Milton, Illinois.]

I believe our Flag is a symbol of that wisdom, patriotism, and devotion to principle from which sprang our constitution and laws. I believe its sacred obligations should sink deep into our hearts; the glorious heritage from our fathers; the trust of our hearths and homes; our gift to future ages.

The Flag! Emblem of peace and liberty to the people of its nation, symbol of HOPE to the world. I believe it is woven of the ideals of America: red of our valor, white of the purity of our aims, blue for justice, starred with eternal glory. I therefore pledge to the Flag my loyal service and my sacred honor; resolving in life, in death, now and forever to unhold the Stars and Stripes.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[MARGARET MURPHY, Chicago, Illinois.]

I believe in the American Flag, that ordainer of democracy and emblem of liberty, conceived by our illustrious forefathers and born of the spirit of brotherly love; which suffered under the persecution of intolerance and tyranny; was dragged in the mire of war and bloodshed, but arose again—glorious and triumphant—its brave red, pure white and loyal blue undimmed by strife.

I pledge myself to uphold this flag, this symbol of liberty and union, to preserve its ideals, honor its traditions, and to pass on to posterity this noble banner, untarnished by the grime of hate and disunion, that it may ever wave aloft, a shining standard of Truth and Patriotism, to spur all men onward to the goal of Charity and Civilization.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[HARRIET HATHAWAY, Oak Park, Illinois.]

I believe this flag of the United States is the ideal of a great people, the spangled banner of a glorious past, the pillar of fire, leading America onward. Men have died for my flag. It is for me to live for it. The red, white, and blue is my guardian of freedom, which I must pass to others with the stars untarnished and undimmed.

Men of old have sprung to battle, seeking freedom for others, led on by these victorious colors. Soldiers at their death have urged comrades to hold it high. Ocean-tossed, battle-swept, my flag still flies triumphant.

My flag! May I keep its honor bright. And if it calls, may I follow—even unto death.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[MYRON TIELKEMEIER, Davis, Illinois.]

Old Glory stands for all that is greatest and noblest in human ideas and ideals. It represents a new nation brought forth upon an old continent, offering to mankind the most sacred blessings of God, namely: life, liberty, education and a chance to succeed. It maintains that under God all men are created free and equal. To create these principles the cream of mankind has been given and noble sacrifices have been offered without reserve. Therefore I solemnly swear my allegiance to this, my flag, and to the lofty principles for which it stands, and I pledge my fullest co-operation with its laws, that these established principles may be maintained in good faith with their creators and the Creator of all.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[CHARLES GRAHAM, Cameron, Illinois.]

I believe in my flag, the American flag. I believe in its past, its present, and its future. It is the Stars and Stripes of freedom, the Star-Spangled Banner of union, and the Old Glory of Service.

I believe that freedom mingled its thirteen stripes and that union set its forty-eight stars.

I believe that my flag is first—not in pride, disdain, and conquest but in virtue, mercy, honesty, and understanding.

I believe that my flag represents justice, equality, and opportunity at home and honor abroad.

I believe that my flag is a sacred trust. Its red flames with courage, its white shines with purity, and its blue gleams with truth.

I pledge allegiance to my flag.

THE PATRIOT'S FLAG CREED.

[OLIVE LIONE ROBINSON, Oregon, Illinois.]

To this, my flag, I pledge my life,
With it defend in peace and strife
This banner, wrought from blood and tears,
And glorified through all the years;
To hold on high . . . a heavenly light,
Emblem of truth, of love, and right,
Symbol of service to our land . . .
I pledge my life, my heart, my hand:
And then, this flag of liberty,
My God, in turn, I pledge to Thee!



Peace with Honor.

HIGH HONORS COME TO DEAD EVANSTON BOY.

Capt. Oliver Cunningham, Chief Figure in French Memorial.

Lasting proof that France has not forgotten is rising above the fields of Thiaucourt and when the monument symbolic of Franco-American friendship is dedicated, the memory of an Evanston boy will have received the highest tribute that can be paid a dead soldier.

For the municipality of Thiaucourt, in eastern France, has chosen the attributes as well as the face and form of the late Captain Oliver Baty Cunningham to idealize American soldiery in the heroic sculptured tribute.

This news was contained in a letter recently received by Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Cunningham, 1312 Forest avenue, from M. Grancolas, mayor of Thiaucourt, together with a warm invitation to be present as honored guests together with Ambassador Herrick and French dignitaries when the life-sized likeness of their son is unveiled.

The monument, already in place, shows the standing forms of two soldiers, Captain Cunningham representing America, and a French poilu, their right hands clasped, symbolic of the undying friendship which is war's bequest to the two nations. Both figures are garbed in heavy marching order. Captain Cunningham's left hand grasps the staff of the Stars and Stripes in the background, while the poilu's supports his grounded rifle.

On the pedestal the word "Pax"—peace—is inscribed. Behind, and flanking the figures, bas-relief in subjects of bronze are other thrilling mementoes of the war. To the left is depicted the historic entrance of the American troops over the "old bridge" leading into the town. This entry was made September 12, 1918, Thiaucourt being the first French city to be delivered from the Germans by the American army.

On the right side of the figures, also in bas-relief, the sons of Thiaucourt are depicted as they departed on the day of mobilization at the outbreak of war.

Captain Cunningham rests in the American National cemetery on the outskirts of Thiaucourt. He met death September 17, 1918, near Jaulny in the St. Mihiel sector while accomplishing dangerous reconnaissance work in the extreme front line trenches. The following day a captain's commission dated September 11 arrived for him. At the time of death he was with the Fifteenth Field artillery.

In his military experience Captain Cunningham lived exactly up to the high requirements necessary in a winner of the Gordon Brown memorial prize which was awarded him at Yale. This high honor

goes to the student, "Who most closely approaches the standard of intellectual ability, capacity for leadership, and service to the university."

The dedication ceremony at Thiaucourt will be the climax of a celebration of which M. Grancolas says in part:

"In my personal name, in the name of the municipality and in the name of the committee for the erection of the monument I have the honor of inviting you to come and I hope you will be present at the grand and splendid fete which promises to be and at which nothing will be neglected in order to honor your dead and ours."

The monument will not be the only memorial to Captain Oliver Cunningham at Thiaucourt, for in November of last year, with Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham present, a splendid chime of bells were dedicated to his memory with impressive ceremony in the village church.

What memories are inspired of this brave Evanston boy and the great army of which he was a part can easily be sensed after perusal of portions of a letter written September 12 last, in Thiaucourt, and addressed to Mrs. Cunningham by her friend, Berthe Renard, which follows:

"September 12! what remembrances this date awakens in us and how much on this day we are thinking of all the Americans and of you, Madam, and of your family in particular!

"Yesterday evening the bells were ringing in full peal, today the same; the houses, the municipal buildings are bedecked with the American and French colors. At 11 o'clock the bells will be chiming again, in order to call to our memory the entrance of the troops. How this moment is still present in our memory!

"September 12, 1918! At midnight an intense bombardment; from all sides orders are given in German, one feels that something grave is in preparation. We have been informed since the previous evening that 32 cars are at the station to take away the civilian population—the little that remained to us would have to be plundered—for the inhabitants must not take anything with them. The civilian population is looking for shelter in the cellars; the children, the old folks, the women are rushed into a big cellar which we had—we are about a hundred to one hundred twenty. The bombardment becomes stronger; if we are not delivered, it means death and we are full of fear.

"In the morning the Germans blew up the munitions and a partial fire is starting. Hours of waiting, hours of suspense. If it is necessary to die, we are ready—the war will have a few more victims.

"It is 9 o'clock, nothing! Always nothing!—9:30 o'clock the Germans are passing by, running. What is happening, one is asking? Your French are arriving, we are informed; this good news is spreading from mouth to mouth. The minutes are becoming hours. In spite of a bombardment which is continuously getting more and more

intense, some are putting their heads outside in order to scrutinize the horizon. Still nothing!

"One gets impatient—how could it be otherwise, Madam? 10:30 o'clock. One sees a compact mass which is advancing. 11:00 o'clock. The first American soldiers are arriving! A sentiment of respect for this noble army prevents us all from throwing ourselves at the necks of these valiant soldiers and from kissing them. An ovation is given them.

"I would like, Madam, to be eloquent enough to tell you again of the friendship which we have for you. I ask you to be good enough to fill this deficiency. I would like to ask you to be good enough to be my interpreter, and to offer the expression of my respect to Mr. Cunningham and keep for you, Madam, my best friendship.

—*Berthe Renard.*

FROM A MUD-SOAKED DIARY.

[THE PEDDLER.]

11 p. m., Nov. 10, 1918. Puvenelle Sector, Eastern Front, France. Inky darkness; rain. All day the men have been under fire of shell and machine guns. They are now in a fatigued stupor, too weary to care whether the squareheads will come over tonight or not. Every two minutes the Bosche shoots rockets—green, red, blue, out in No Man's Land. I am in charge of B Co., 55th Inf. First and third platoons are on advanced line and in outposts; second and fourth echeloned in support. The officer in charge of Co. H, 56th Inf., gets orders to leave. "Who relieves your bunch?" "Nobody." It exposes our right flank; nothing to do but bring up my second platoon and stick 'em in the place where H had been. Up comes the platoon to cover where E Co., 64th Inf. had been. 108 men are holding the line—more than half a mile! The Bosche are only 300 yards away! Now the men know, they are tense, expecting attack, clutching rifles like a blind man who senses security and aid in his cane. . . .

2 a. m., Nov. 11. Back to P. C., with the weary, muddy, hungry, thirsty men. Rumor has it we are to move to another sector! No sleep! I lift my voice and curse war and all things connected with it. . . .

9 a. m. Here comes a runner with a message—yes—at last—

"Armistice effective at 11 H 11 Nov. 18 at or before which time all hostilities and advance must cease. Men at that hour may proceed to clean themselves and be as comfortable as possible. No shots will be fired at enemy after that hour under any consideration."

From "Chicago Daily Tribune."

ON THE G. A. R.

[ANONYMOUS.]

You may talk about your badges,
 But the one that has the call
 Is the star—the Flag—the Eagle—
 That is far above them all.
 It was one when cannon thundered
 In the battle crash and noise,
 So there's nothing holds a candle
 To the old Grand Army Boys.

When they fought and bled together
 And they shared the prison pen,
 And they faced the front in battle
 With the torch of earnest men.
 Then the compact was cemented
 With the battle's smoke and noise,
 So there's nothing holds a candle
 To the old Grand Army Boys.

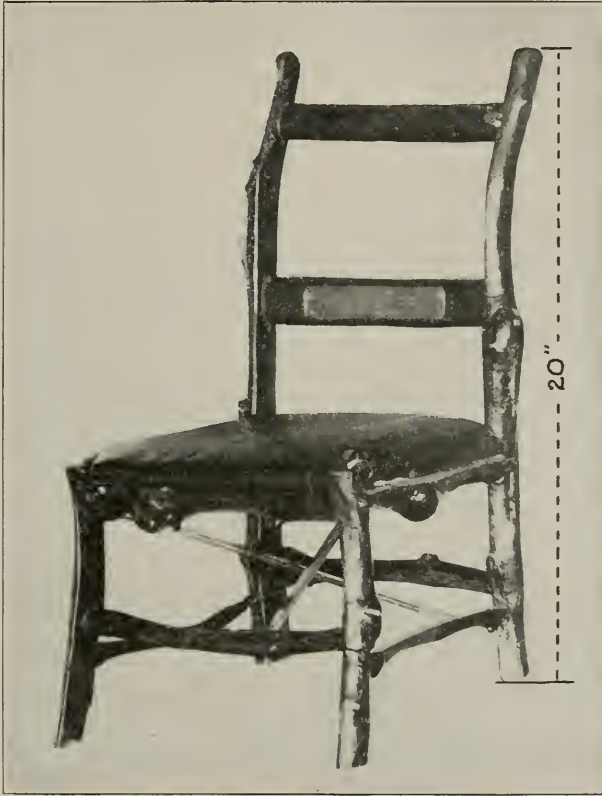
They fraternal? Well, I reckon;
 And their charity's all right.
 Are they loyal? They have proved it,
 For they left their homes to fight.
 And the Nation owes them homage
 For the peace it now enjoys.
 So there's few things hold a candle
 To the old Grand Army Boys.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[ABORIGINE.]

He learned his lesson
 From a grain of corn—
 From a single grain of corn
 And in its death renews a hundredfold;
 From a grain of corn he learned
 How wide wounds on one lonely heart
 May heal an ancient ache
 Within the souls of millions,
 For as a child he dug it up
 To note the progress of its growth,
 But saw its heart pulled out
 To paint the prairie soil;
 Learned how the silken sides
 Of a single grain of corn,
 If rent and rained upon
 And stomped into the earth
 By the heavy heel of the husbandman,
 Will rise into a stately stalk
 With leaves that house a harvest;
 So he was planted like a grain of corn—
 Planted deep within the troubled state
 By some holier hand of higher husbandry,
 And there was rent asunder,
 Asunder as a grain of corn is rent;
 Yea, he was wounded unto death
 By friend and foe alike,
 And for each alike was torn
 As a sacrificial grain of corn
 Yields up its life to yield—
 To feed the sower who has sown
 And an alien race that needs;
 Yet, wider than the wound upon his brow
 Was some old hurt within his heart—
 A wound of which none knew
 Save Lincoln and his God,
 And a little grain of corn
 That falls into the ground and dies.

—"Chicago Daily Tribune."



The cut shown on this page represents a small chair which was made from a limb of the sycamore tree which grew on the side of the dugout under the building in which Lincoln conducted a store at Old Salem, Illinois. This chair was built by Mr. D. R. Lewis of Oblong. It was presented to the Illinois State Historical Library and is now on exhibition with the other Lincoln relics. The above set forth facts are accompanied by a affidavit signed by Mr. Lewis.

A PICTURE OF LINCOLN.

[S. E. KISER.]

He saw men strive in selfish ways
 To win a moment's foolish praise;
 He heard a thoughtless crowd's applause
 For men who watched with jealous eyes,
 And made convenience a cause.
 Too brave, too honest, and too wise
 To court approval that was wrong,
 He bore their condemnation long
 Who lacked his faith, or would not see
 The wisdom of the course he chose;
 With God-like patience he could be
 Forbearing with his erring foes.

He saw with vision true and clear,
 Quenching doubt and crushing fear;
 He moved ahead with steady stride,
 Deaf to the pleas that weak men made,
 Proud when he saw the need of pride,
 Unwavering when others swayed;
 A giant who could bow his head,
 Weep with those who mourned their dead,
 He let no seed of bitterness
 Take root within his dauntless soul;
 Through hellish hate and bloody stress
 He struggled onward to his goal.

We worry over little cares,
 We mumble foolish, selfish prayers,
 And think that God, perhaps, will heed;
 We wonder why Fate holds us back,
 We wish to dazzle and to lead,
 And sigh for glory that we lack;
 We covet honors, and are proud
 To win, the favor of the crowd,
 And when our little tasks are done
 We think that we are driven hard,
 Complaining if we have not won
 Elusive riches and regard.

Behold the sad appeal that lies
 Within his kindly, earnest eyes,
 And learn a little of his lore;
 See in the lines upon his brow
 The traces of the cares he bore,
 And when his name is mentioned bow!
 Oh, patient, noble, friendly face,
 A benediction and a grace!
 Look on his pictured countenance,
 Each rugged, honest feature scan;
 Read what is in his weary glance,
 And go your way a better man.



Color Bearers.

MAJOR RAOUL LUFBERY.

[REBECCA H. KAUFFMAN.]

Down from the sky he leaped to his death,
 "America's Foremost Knight of the Air."
 He who ne'er had succumbed to defeat,
 He whom spirit had ever to dare!

They straightened his form with tender hands,
 They covered him over with flowers of May,
 In a beautiful garden of village Maron,
 Women of France, as dead he lay!

Bravest of brave, he has taken his way
 Up through the heights where airplanes war,—
 Eagle ace, whose outstretched wings
 Will beacon his comrades forever more!

THE AMERICA REPLY TO "IN FLANDERS FIELDS."

[W. R. LILLARD.]

Rest ye in peace ye Flanders dead,
 The fight that ye so bravely led
 We've taken up. And we will keep
 True faith with you who lie asleep
 With each a cross to mark his bed.
 And poppies growing overhead,
 Where once his own life's blood ran red.

So let your rest be sweet and deep—
 In Flanders Fields.
 Fear not that you have died for naught,
 The torch you threw to us we caught.
 Ten million hands will hold it high,
 And Freedom's light shall never die!
 We've learned the lesson that you taught—
 In Flanders Fields.

OLD WABASH SCHOOL HOUSE WITH A HISTORY BELIEVED ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND EXISTING.

Standing to the east of the gravel road in a cornfield on the Charles Andrus farm, a few miles north of Mount Carmel, is an octagon-shaped building which has a unique distinction in the educational history of Wabash county.

To the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Wabash county people who have driven out this road and seen the building, it is known as the eight-cornered school house. As a matter of fact it is eight-cornered, and eight-sided, as well.

Incidentally, the eight-cornered school house came somewhat into prominence as a landmark a year ago last winter when public donations built a gravel road from the old school north to connect with another gravel road to give an outlet to the north part of the county while the pavement was being built between here and Allendale.

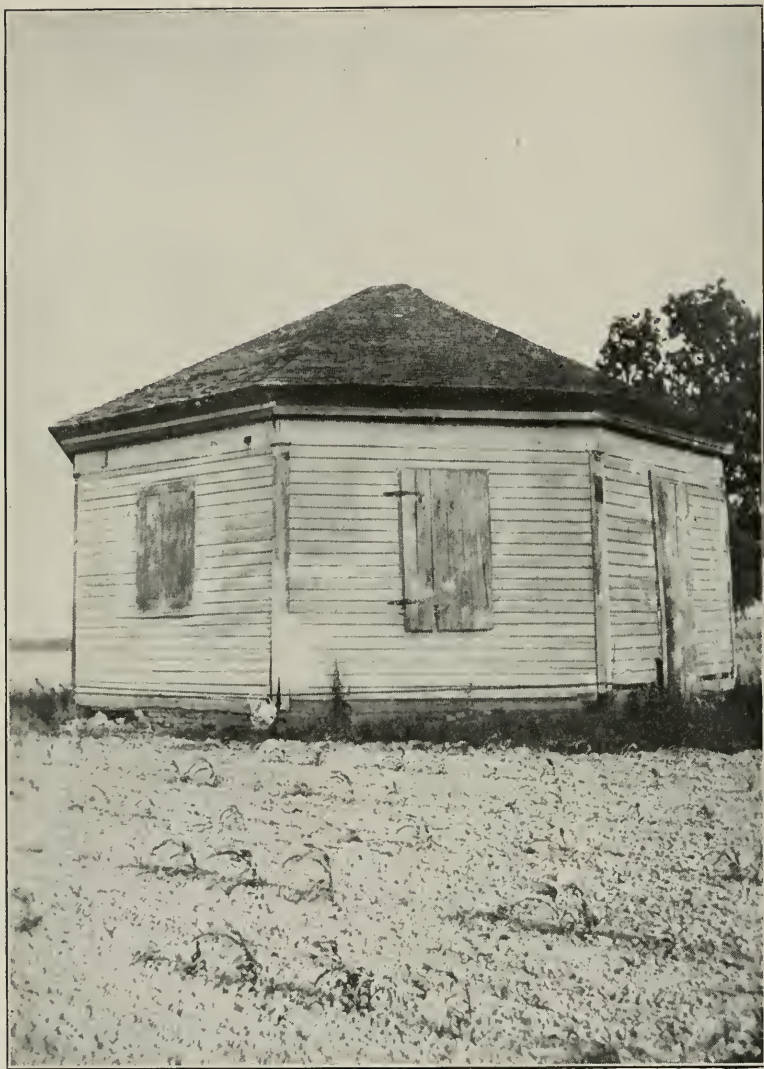
But that is not what gave the building its distinction. As a matter of fact it is probably the only school building of its style of architecture standing in the country today. Of course, it is not now and has not been for many years used for school purposes, though it once was, for a long period of time.

It was erected in the year 1855 and in the day of its popularity as a school and community center, it was known as the Shadle school. The designer and architect was Alex Wells, an early day teacher and preacher in Wabash county and an uncle of Dr. C. C. Craig, long a resident of Mount Carmel. Mr. Wells had individual architectural ideas of his own. Hence the distinct character of this building. As well as designing the building, he taught the first school in it.

There were two other such school buildings in the county, one at Lick Prairie and one in Ogden district, also designed by Mr. Wells, but these two have long since passed out of existence, leaving the one lone building of its kind. * * * * *

A visit to the old school building reveals that it was well constructed. It has a hewed frame throughout. The joists were of black walnut and the ceiling yellow poplar. The furniture was also of poplar. When the building was new there were no supports other than the walls. Later it became necessary to place a centerpole in the center of the building.

Mr. Andrus, on whose farm the building is located and who attended school there as a boy, later teaching in it several terms, recalls that the seats were arranged around the walls merry-go-round fashion. The stove was in the center with two long benches beside it for the convenience of the children on extreme winter days, and one section of the wall, painted black, served as a blackboard. He recalls, too, that the center-pole was often used by mischievous pupils on which to perform acrobatic stunts when the teacher's back was turned.



A Veteran School House of the 50's.

As well as serving as an institution of learning, the building was a community center and Mr. Andrus can tell of rousing meetings of various kinds held there, when unbelievable numbers were packed within its eight walls.

But like other good things, the old eight-cornered school building served its purpose and passed into the discard. It was abandoned for school purposes about 1890, or a little later, and was replaced by a modern rural school building, on a new site, known as Monarch.

On a recent visit to Wabash county to inspect rural schools, U. J. Hoffman, assistant state superintendent of public instruction, with County Superintendent J. T. Timberlake, passed this old building and remarked that it was the only one of the kind of which he had ever seen or heard.

The glories of the old structure are past. They belong to another day, another generation. Today the building serves as a storehouse for farm machinery.

From "Mt. Carmel Daily Republican-Register."

AMERICA FIRST.

[G. ASHTON OLDHAM.]

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.
Not merely in science, inventions, motors, and skyscrapers, but also
in ideals, principles, character.

Not merely in the calm assertion of rights, but in the glad assumption
of duties.

Not flaunting her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over
a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.

Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous cooperation.

Not in pride, arrogance, and disdain of other races and peoples,
but in sympathy, love, and understanding.

Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends
inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail, along
which, please God, other nations will follow, into the new Jerusalem
where wars shall be no more.

Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to
lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my
beloved America.

And so, in that spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart
and soul, "AMERICA FIRST."



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